Into the hands of Iuſtice you did commit me:
For which I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnſtained ſword that you haue vſde to beare,
With this remembrance, that you vſe the ſame
With the like bold, iuſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you haue done gainſt me: there is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth,
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine eare,
And I wil ſtoope and humble my intents,
To your well practizde wiſe directions.
And princes all, beleeue me I beſeech you,
My father is gone wild into his graue:
For in his toomb lie my affections,
And with his ſpirites ſadly I ſuruiue,
To mocke the expectation of the world,
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to race out,
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my ſeeming, the tide of bloud in me
Hath prowdely flowd in vanitie till now:
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of flouds,
And flow henceforth in formall maieſtie.
Now call we our high court of parliament,
And let vs chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſaile,
That the great bodie of our ſtate may goe,
In equall ranke with the beſt gouernd Nation,
That warre, or peace, or both at once, may be,
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which your father ſhall haue formoſt hand:
Our coronation done, we wil accite,
(As I before remembred) all our ſtate,
And (God conſigning to my good intents,)
No prince nor peere ſhall haue iuſt cauſe to ſay,
God ſhorten Harries happy life one day. *exit.*

Enter ſir Iohn, Shallow, Scilens, Dauy, Bardolfe, page.

Shal. Nay you ſhall ſee my orchard, where, in an arbour we will

will eate a laſt yeeres pippen of mine owne graffing, with a diſh of carrawaies and ſo forth: come coſin Scilens, and then to bed.

Falſt. Fore God you haue here goodly dwelling, and rich.

Shal. Barraine, barraine, barraine, beggars all, beggars all ſir Iohn, mary good ayre: ſpread Dauy, ſpread Dauy, well ſaide Dauy.

Fal. This Dauy ſerues you for good vſes, hee is your ſeruing-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet ſir Iohn: by the mas I haue drunke too much ſacke at ſupper: a good varlet: now ſit downe, now ſit downe, come coſin.

Scilens A ſirra quoth a, we ſhall do nothing but eate and make good cheere, and praiſe God for the merry yeere, when fleſh is cheape and females deare, and luſty laddes roame here and there ſo merely, and euer among ſo merily.

ſir Iohn Theres a merry heart, good M. Silens, ile giue you a health for that anon.

Shal. Giue maſter Bardolfe ſome wine, Dauy.

Dauy Sweet ſir ſit, ile be with you anon, moſt ſweet ſir ſit, maſter Page, good maſter Page ſit: proface, what you want in meate, weele haue in drink, but you muſt beare, the heart's al.

Shal. Be mery maſter Bardolfe, and my litle ſouldier there, be merry.

Scilens Be merry, be mery, my wife has all, for women are ſhrowes both ſhort and tall, tis merry in hal when beards wags all, and welcome mery ſhrouetide, be mery, be mery.

Falſt. I did not thinke maſter Scilens had bin a man of this mettall.

Scilens Who I? I haue beene mery twice and once ere now.

Enter Dauy.

Dauy Theres a diſh of Lether-coates for you.

Shal. Dauy?

Dauy Your worſhip: Ile be with you ſtraight, a cup of wine ſir.

Scilens A cup of wine thats briske and fine, and drinke vnto

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